



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Rhyw-yn rhedeg am ddeulin ;
 Llewelyn ein llyw cyffredin,
 Llywiauwr berth hyd Borth Ysgewin ;
 Ni ryfu gystal Gwstennyn ag ef
 I gyfair pob gorllin,
 Mi i'm byw be byddwn dewin
 Yn marddair mawrddawn gysefin,
 Adrawd ei ddâed, aerdrin, ni allwn,
 Ni allai Daliesin.
 Cyn adaw a byd gyd gyfrin,
 Gan hoedl hir ar dir daierin,
 Cyn dyfnfedd ysgyrnwedd ysgrin,
 Yn daiar dyfnlas arlesin :
 Gwr à wnaeth o'r dwfr y gwin,
 Gan fodd duw, a diwedd gwirin,
 Nog à wnaethbwyd trais anwyd trin
 Yn mhresent yn mhrysur orllin,
 Ni warthäer hael am werthefin nos
 A nawdd saint boed cyfrin.

ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATION OF THE ODE BY DAVYDD BENVRAS*.

Creator of that glorious light,
 Which sheds around his vivid rays,
 And the pale moon, which rules the night,
 O deign to animate my lays !
 O may my verse like Merddin's flow !
 And with poetic visions glow.
 Great Aneurin, string my lyre,
 Grant a portion of thy fire !

* This translation is the production of the late Mr. Maurice Roberts, son of Mr. Thomas Roberts, of Llwynrhudol, who died some years ago at the early age of twenty-one. It was written when he was about seventeen, and it will be found to evince talents of an uncommon character, and which might have made him an ornament to his country, if it had pleased Heaven that they should come to maturity. Several other effusions of his Muse are preserved, most of which, like this, are dedicated, with a patriotic ardour, to the cause of our national literature. Some of these will be published hereafter in the CAMBRO-BRITON: and it may be remarked of the specimen now given, that it does not appear to have been designed for a mere literal version.—ED.

That fire, which made thy verse record
Those Chiefs, who fell beneath the sword
On Cattræth's bloody field ;
O ! may the Muse her vigour bring
While I Llywelyn's praises sing,
His country's strongest shield.
Ne'er was such a warrior seen,
With heart so brave, and gallant mien ;
From a regal race descended,
Bravely he the land defended :
Kings have learnt his pow'r to dread,
Kings have felt his arm and fled.
Loegria's King, with conquest flush'd,
Boldly to the battle rush'd ;
Then was heard the warlike shout,
(Signal of th' approaching rout)
Great Llywelyn rag'd around,
Bravest Chieftains press'd the ground ;
None his valour could withstand,
None could stem his furious hand ;
Like a whirlwind on the deep,
See him through their squadrons sweep.
Then was seen the crimson flood,
Then was Offa* bath'd in blood,
Then the Saxons fled with fright,
Then they felt the Monarch's might.

Far is heard Llywelyn's name,
Resounded by the trump of fame ;
Oft the hero chas'd his foes
Where Sabrina smoothly flows.
Could I poetic heights attain,
Yet still unequal were my strain
Thy wond'rous deeds to grace.
E'en Taliesin, Bardic King,
Unequal were thy praise to sing,
Thy glories to retrace.
Long and happy may he live !
And his hours to pleasure give,
Ere his earthly course is sped,
And he lies number'd with the dead ;

* Offa's Dyke.—Ed.

And, ere upon his honour'd tomb
 Herbs shall rise and flow'rs shall bloom,
 May the Redeemer intercede,
 And unto God for mercy plead!
 And, when the judgment-day shall come,
 When all attending wait their doom,
 Then may Llywelyn, warrior brave,
 In glory live beyond the grave.
 O, may the hero's sins be then forgiv'n,
 And may he gain a seat with blessed saints in Heav'n!

WALES.

METROPOLITAN CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION.—There is every reasonable prospect, that this Society, the formation of which was noticed in the last Number, will proceed with a spirit worthy of the interesting objects, for which it was established. Since the last account several Noblemen and Gentlemen, connected with the Principality, have added their names to the list of its members, and have brought a consequent accession to the funds of the Institution. In conformity with a Resolution, adopted at the first meeting, application has been made for his Majesty's patronage, which has been graciously granted, as will appear by the following letter from Sir Benjamin Bloomfield to the President:—

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I have had the honour to submit your request to the King,
 “ and am commanded by his Majesty to express his disposition
 “ not only to give his Royal protection to the revival of any
 “ Society for the cultivation of the Welsh language and litera-
 “ ture, but to add, that whatever project may be calculated to
 “ give benefit to the Principality cannot fail to receive his
 “ Majesty's best support.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ My dear Sir,

“ Your faithful and obedient Servant,

“ B. BLOOMFIELD.”

“ Sir W. W. WYNN.”

In addition to the Meetings of the temporary Committee, of which there were three, a General Meeting of the Institution took